

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no vnderstandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Qui*es, your *Que*s, and your *Quod*s, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mi. Page*.

Mi. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Mi. Ford, Mi. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mi. Ford*, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffe-
rance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I pro-
fesse requitall to a haire bredth, not onely *Mi. Ford*,
in the simple office of loue, but in all the accoutrement,
complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of
your husband now?

Mi. Ford. Hee's a birding (*sweet Sir Iohn*.)

Mi. Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

Mi. Ford. Step into th' chamber, *Sir Iohn*.

Mi. Page. How now (*sweete heart*) whose at home
besides your selfe?

Mi. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mi. Page. Indeed?

Mi. Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mi. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mi. Ford. Why?

Mi. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde
lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so
railes against all married mankind: so curses all *Euans*
daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes
himselfe on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out,
that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tame-
nesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in
now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mi. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mi. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was car-
ried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket:
Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne
him and the rest of their company from their sport, to
make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad
the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foo-
lerie.

Mi. Ford. How neere is he *Mistis Page*?

Mi. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mi. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mi. Page. Why then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's
but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with
him, away with him: Better shame, then murder.

Mi. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I
bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mi. Page. Alas: three of *Mr. Ford*s brothers watch
the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: other-
wise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make
you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mi. Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their
Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mi. Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther
Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath
an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes
to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the
house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mi. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance,
you die *Sir Iohn*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mi. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mi. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no wo-
mans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might
put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie,
rather then a mischiese.

Mi. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brain-
ford*, has a gowne about.

Mi. Page. On my word it will serue him: shee's as
big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler
too: run vp *Sir Iohn*.

Mi. Ford. Go, go, sweet *Sir Iohn*: *Mistis Page* and
I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mi. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you
straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mi. Ford. I would my husband would meete him
in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brain-
ford*; he swears she's a witch, forbad her my house, and
hath threatned to beate her.

Mi. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cud-
gell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mi. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mi. Page. In good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the
basket too, howsoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Mi. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to
carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with
it, as they did last time.

Mi. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go
dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mi. Ford. Ile first direct direct my men, what they
shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for
him straight.

Mi. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doo,

Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Mi. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your
shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you
set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*Mr. Page*) haue you any
way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket:
villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:
Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,
a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd,
What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-
nest

nelt cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes *M. Ford*: you are not to goe
loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a
mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too *Sir*, come hither *Mistis Ford*, *Mi-
stis Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertu-
ous creature, that hath the ieaious foole to her husband:
I suspect without cause (*Mistis*) do I?

Mi. Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you
suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said *Brazon-face*, hold it out: Come forth
sirrah.

Page. This passes.

Mi. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Eu. 'Tis vnreasonable, will you take vp your wiues
cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one con-
uay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is:
my Intelligence is true, my ieaousie is reasonable, pluck
me out all the linnen.

Mi. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas
death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well *Mr. Ford*: This
wrongs you.

Euans. *Mr. Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the
imaginations of your owne heart: this is ieaousie.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find
not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let
me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as
iealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his
wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ferch
with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (*Mistis Page*), come you and
the old woman downe: my husband will come into the
Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane:
Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands
do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's
brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling.
She workes by Charms, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such
dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know no-
thing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come
downe I say.

Mi. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentle-
men, let him strike the old woman:

Mi. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your
hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcate, you Runnion,
out, out: Ile coniuere you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mi. Page. Are you not asham'd?

I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mi. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite
for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eu. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch in-
deede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie
a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you fol-
low: see but the issue of my ieaousie: If I cry out thus
vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

Mi. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mi. Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate
him most vn-pittifully, me thought.

Mi. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung
ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Mi. Ford. What thinke you? May we with the war-
rant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good consci-
ence, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out
of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with
fine and recouery, he will neuer (*I thinke*) in the way of
waste, attempt vs againe.

Mi. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue
seru'd him?

Mi. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape
the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find
in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be
any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the mini-
sters.

Mi. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publicly
sham'd, and methinkes there would be no period to the
iest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mi. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it:
I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. *Sir*, the Germane desires to haue three of your
horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court,
and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?
I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the
Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I *Sir*? Ile call him to you.

Host. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them
pay: Ile sauce them, they haue had my houses a week at
command: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they
must come off, Ile sauce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Page, Ford, Mistis Page, Mistis
Ford, and Euans.*

Eu. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as e-
uer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an
instant?

Mi. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (*wife*) henceforth do what y wilt:
I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,

Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand
(In